

AZATHOTH

Adapted by Henryzilla

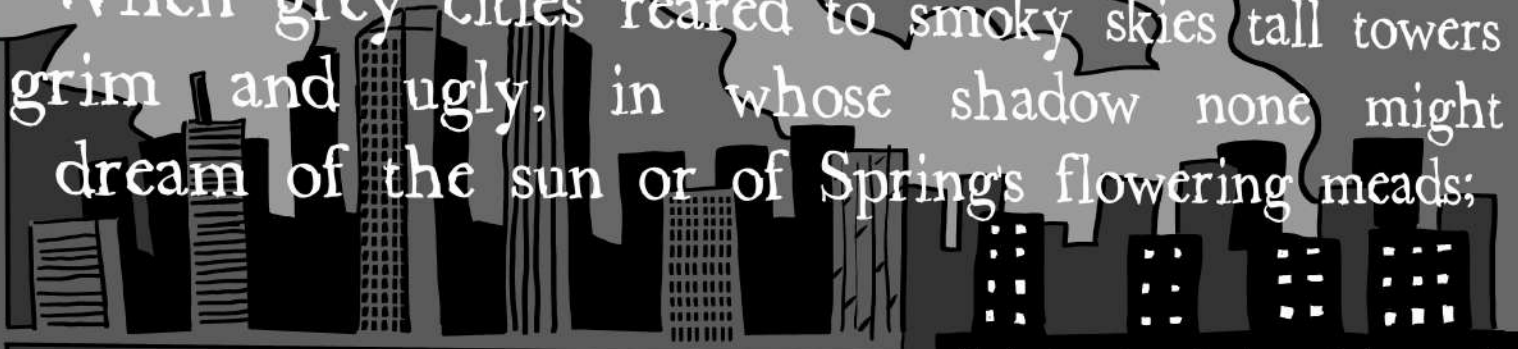
Based on the short story written by

H.P. Lovecraft

When age fell upon the
world, and wonder went
out of the minds of men;



When grey cities reared to smoky skies tall towers
grim and ugly, in whose shadow none might
dream of the sun or of Spring's flowering meads;



When learning stripped the Earth
of her mantle of beauty and
poets asang no more of twisted
phantoms seen with bleared and
inward looking eyes;



When these things had come to pass,



and childish hopes had gone forever,



There was a man who traveled out
of life on a quest into spaces
whither the worlds dreams had fled.



Of the name and abode of this man little is written, for they were of the waking world only; yet it is said that both were obscure.



It is enough to say that he dwelt in a city of high walls where sterile twilight reigned, that he toiled all day among shadow and turmoil,

Coming home at evening to a room whose one window opened not to open fields and groves but on to a dim court where other windows stared in dull despair.

From that casement one might see only walls and windows,

Except sometimes when one leaned so far out and peered at the small stars that passed.





And because mere
walls and windows

must soon drive a man
to madness who dreams
and reads much

After years he began to call the slow
sailing stars by name, and to follow
them in fancy when
they glided
regretfully
out of
sight;



The dweller in
that room used night
after night to lean out
and peer aloft to glimpse
some fragment of things
beyond the waking world
and the tall cities.

Till at length his vision
opened to many secret
vistas whose existence
no common eye
suspected.



And one night a mighty gulf
was bridged, and the dream
haunted skies swelled down to the lonely watcher's window to merge with the close air of
his room and to make him a part of their fabulous wonder.

me to that room wild stre
night glittering with dust
dust and fire, swirling ou
spaces and heavy perfume
beyond the worlds.

Opiate oceans
poured there,
litten by suns
that the eye may
never behold..

And having in their
whirlpools strange
dolphins and sea-
nymphs of
unrememberable
depths.

Noiseless infinity eddied around the dreamer and wafted him away without touching the body that leaned stiffly from the lonely window; and for days not counted in men's calendars the tides of far spheres that bore him gently to join the course of other cycles that tenderly left him sleeping on a green sunrise shore, a green shore fragrant with lotus blossoms and starred by red camalates...